

MY MOTH

i look up from where i'm typing & see
wedged between the drawn blinds
the nocturnal-erotic delta-shaped body
of an electric-red-brown moth
it's just sitting there, not barking
or making too much noise so i figure,
go ahead

the next day it's still there
& that night & the next morning
i deduce it's dead & thinking to lacquer
& mount it amongst my cicadas & various
bees so pretty is it
try to pick it up, gently, by a wingtip
but it moves, flutters,
takes off across the room in a falling
low flight, as if the sky were 3 ft
above the floor

i want to catch it & let it go
but it's almost nov. & will die outside
soon so decide to give it airspace

i want to see how long it'll live in here
i also enjoy seeing it fly up unexpectedly
from all corners of the apt, refreshing to me
as the resonant miniature absolutely
clear-voiced bell on this 1955 Smith-Corona
portable manual — the silver-toned Tibetan pinpoint
'ting' now always reminds me
of the flights of my moth
&
of when thoughts occur

APT. FILLING UP

w/deadly exhaust fumes
from ice-cream truck
parked under my windows / playing its little tune
(kids lined up
for a quarter block yet)

THE '80s

lucky people seeking revenge
on the unlucky